

OLD TIME FAVORITES

A LAUGH IN CHURCH.

She sat on the sliding cushion,
The dear, wee woman of four;
Her feet, in their shiny slippers,
Hung dangling over the floor.
She meant to be good; she had promised,
And so, with her big, brown eyes,
She stared at the meeting-house windows
And counted the crawling flies.

She looked far up at the preacher,
But she thought of the honey-bees
Drinking away at the blossoms
That whitened the cherry trees.
She thought of a broken basket,
Where, curled in a dusky heap,
Three sleek, round puppies, with fringed
ears
Lay snuggled and fast asleep.

Such soft, warm bodies to cuddle,
Such queer little hearts to beat,
Such swift, round tongues to kiss
Such sprawling, cushiony feet;
She could feel in her clasping fingers
The touch of the satiny skin.
And a cold, wet nose exploring
The dimples under her chin.

Then a sudden ripple of laughter
Ran over the parted lips
So quick that she could not catch it
Wise her eyes, finger-tips
The people whispered, "Bless the child,"
As each one winked from a nap.
But the dear, wee woman hid her face
For shame in her mother's lap.

—Sam Walter Foss.

A Bookworm's Love Story.

DAY after day, for some months, I had sat in near company of a young girl in the British Museum, who, without being beautiful, was the possessor of infinite charm. Whether she worked so energetically for the mere love of the thing or from necessity I could not tell. I chose, however, to fancy her the help of a widowed mother who on slender means had perhaps still younger lives than my fellow worker's to give her anxieties. Suffice it to say, on this point, my near fellow worker labored with zest, and often her example inspired my own somewhat flagging efforts. I found myself possessed of an unconquerable desire to make her acquaintance, yet I could not summon the necessary courage to address her.

A cold but bright day in January found me on my way to interview a notable member of Parliament, with the hope to secure through his aid a ticket for the House of Commons.

I had proceeded as far as the top of Charing Cross Road, when I beheld a man to take a "bus." I became an "inside." There was but one other occupant—a lady.

Presently the conductor's voice startled us both; the lady turning about revealed to me the well known face of "my lady" of the reading room.

The conductor's call upon us for "Fares, please!" together with the suddenness of mutual recognition, had rather flustered us. Presently a vivid blush spread over her face, as she plaintively gave the conductor to understand she had left her purse and money at home.

The collector of fares was somewhat inclined to be coarse and offensive, as he remarked:

"Ho, I desay; that's a tale not 'n't good enough for me. I've bin 'ad that way afore to-day. Wat are yer goin' to do?"

At this juncture I deemed it advisable to expostulate, warning him that it was no part of his duty to be uncivil. Then I begged the lady's permission to settle so trifling a matter, at the same time pointing out to her that the fact of our being fellow workers at the British Museum would at least privilege me in so small a service.

"That is fortunate," she replied. "Thank you so much. May I ask your name?" I gave it "Richard Athelstane."

"Thank you so much, Mr. Athelstane. I am Eunice Frith."

After delivering herself of this gracious bit of information she departed on her way, leaving me in a seventh heaven of delight. For was not the ice now broken?

At the period of my first interest in Eunice Frith I was busily engaged in efforts to graft in some manner the American family of Shadnee upon the parent stock in England. It was a work of great wearisomeness.

On the next occasion of my meeting with Miss Frith the merest form of greeting followed. As she handed me the bronze obligation, her renewal of thanks was accompanied by the faintest change of color, but her words, "You were very kind to help me out of my dilemma," left no opening for extension of an acquaintance so auspiciously begun. Our sittings were within one of each other. We took them, and thus far there was the end. She evidently knew full well the existence of the rule of "silence" which the superintendent for the time ever strives so energetically to enforce.

Eunice Frith, whether or no she divined that I desired a closer acquaintance, never bargained for the catastrophe, which though it brought fear and trembling for awhile to her, won for me the "open sesame" I had so longed for.

In a week's time we were on speaking terms, within a month an acquaintance had ripened marvelously. Gradually we came to understand each other. We sat side by side, the dividing chair separated us no longer.

Then the time came when she assented to my invitation to drink tea with me in the gallery room. Over that delicious hour-long we chatted freely. She spoke to me of her mother—an invalid; of her brother—a clerk in a banking house. I gathered that the united earnings of these young people represented nearly the whole of the wherewithal of their otherwise happy little home.

My work of pedigree creating had palled sadly upon me for some time, and I began to think living among the bones—so to speak—of departed nobodies, far from exhilarating.

Once it happened Eunice's mother accompanied her to the British Museum. As they were descending the stairway from the galleries, I was passing through the hall. Eunice introduced me to her mother, and we remained in conversation for the best part of an hour, when Mrs. Frith suddenly remembered her doctor's instructions not to "try herself too much," and pronounced for home. To her alarm, on our arrival at the vestibule of the Museum, it was raining smartly. Once again luck favored me. My umbrella, a property which nine days out of ten I left at home, proved a

ready friend for once. Under its shelter Mrs. Frith reached her "bus" in comparative dryness. I offered it to her. "Oh, no, Mr. Athelstane, I won't deprive you," she said.

But my insistence carried the day, and suggested that Eunice might find it useful in the morning. That young lady, however, declared she "had one of her own."

Mrs. Frith settled the question by saying:

"I will take it, Mr. Athelstane, on condition that you will bring Eunice home this evening, and join us at our little tea dinner, and then, you see, you can take possession of your umbrella."

After leaving Eunice and her mother I returned to the reading room, intending to put in an hour or two of work, but in this I was frustrated by the receipt of a telegram, which announced the serious illness of my father and desired my early attendance at his side.

Here was a call that brooked no inattention. I showed the wire to Eunice and begged her to express to her mother my regrets, and bidding her what was intended to be an impressive "Good-by," left for my home at Wells, in Norfolk.

Little did I think that two long years would elapse before I again set eyes on Eunice Frith.

I was away in Norfolk for some three months, my father's condition varying to such an extent, owing to frequent relapses, as left me no alternative but to stay with him. It was his second son, my brother Christopher being two years my senior; our mother had been dead many years.

My father had been dead some six weeks, during which period I had been busy myself in the administration of his little estate and winding up my enforced rest from pedigree hunting and other such trifles, when the great change in my life began. The African mail brought me a letter from my brother Christopher, or rather from a friend of his, acting as amanuensis. Christopher had met with a very serious accident in the mine. Most of his ribs had been broken, and the doctors feared that much internal laceration had also taken place. Chris was anxious to see me, fearing a fatal ending. Would I come at once to Kimberley? He had also enclosed a draft for \$500 to cover traveling expenses, and in case the world had not used me kindly.

To pack up my traps was but short work, and the old home I left in charge of a maid servant.

After I had booked my passage I had a few hours to spare. These I spent in a vain search for Eunice Frith. I could hear no tidings at the house where they had lived. The landlady only knew they had left—gone, she thought, into "unfurnished" rooms.

I did not feel easy on the matter, but I hoped for the best, and made my way to a hotel near Waterloo whence I had to start the next morning on my first venture beyond the white cliffs of old England.

The Castle liner on which I had taken my passage did her voyage well and rapidly. The succeeding day to that on which I landed in Cape Town saw me being transferred, rapidly as a South African railway can manage it, northward. I arrived too late. Poor Chris had gone to the bourne whence none return.

His lawyer met me soon after my arrival, and handed with me, and enlarged upon Chris's many virtues. He said that my brother had been a most successful man up to a certain point. But lately owing to—er—scruples, he had been placed at a disadvantage. Still, he remarked:

"Still, Mr. Athelstane, your brother died pretty warm. His personality, I should say—well, let me see—er, well, it is quite \$350,000."

I explained that my brother had never confided either to his father or myself the degrees of success which he had attained.

"Indeed, sir," I added, "we know very little about his South African career. I presume he has a wife and—children?"

"Not so, sir. Your brother lived a very retired life, rarely joining in any of the many functions our citizens delight in. He was a good man, and a charitable one."

"Charitable?" I questioned. "Then I presume he has left large sums to your local institutions and hospitals?"

"No, sir; not a penny."

"Then to whom does his money revert? Surely he did not die intestate?"

"Not a man in the world less likely to do so. No, sir, you are a happy man. By will—here it is, sir, in black and white—all that I die possessed of I leave to be by him used and disposed of as may appear best to his own good and charitable disposition."

I was not inordinately puffed up by this sudden acquisition of wealth. One thing flashed first upon my mind, and that was that I should be for ever done with my old occupations. No more grinding and paragraphs. No more pulling about the dead and gone ancestors of mighty present-day port butchers.

No more of ill-ventilated reading rooms, whether under red tap or otherwise. I should live in Utopia. To do this, I deemed it wise and best to return to England. In due course, I arrive in London, and at once went back to the scene of my old struggles, the British Museum. It seemed as if I could not keep away. "Why did I go there?" you ask. To look for Eunice, or, maybe, get some news of her. But no, I could learn nothing; and it came into my mind that I had seen the last of Eunice Frith.

I had been one evening at King's Cross station to inquire after a package I had transmitted. I made a short cut back in the direction of Russell Square, when my attention was drawn to a knot of children on the pavement. At first I could see nothing, but as I drew near I noticed one or two articles of furniture, with a box or two corded over.

"One of those hateful cases of distraint—some poor, lone, aged widow," I thought to myself. Even as I looked, a poor, worn woman, yet neat and tidy withal, looked up, her face by its pained expression, telling a tale of woe. Where had I seen that face before? I had not gone on my way many steps before my recollection cleared. I hastened back to the forlorn creature, and pushing my way to her side asked in an undertone:

"Are you not Mrs. Frith—Eunice's mother?"

"Yes, oh, yes! But you—who are you?"

Before I could make reply, another figure appeared on the scene. Eunice herself—but, great heavens! how changed that face had become! In its thinness and wanness even the mother's sank into nothingness, as in heart-tones she gasped:

"Oh, mother, mother! Have they turned you out like this? I came as soon as I knew the state of affairs."

Then she caught sight of me. Knew me at once, as I could see, and drew shyly back.

I held out my hand to her, saying:

"You know me, Miss Frith. You are in trouble. Your mother cannot remain here, you must come with me."

In the twinkling of an eye I had put Mrs. Frith and her daughter inside of a growler, and jumping on the box told caddy to drive to King's Cross station.

In one of the waiting rooms I heard the painful story my friends had told. Eunice's brother had lapsed from the direct course. In their endeavors to rescue him their small capital of hardly earned savings had melted like snow before the sun.

A new home was soon found for them. Money can do that. I begged them to let me be their banker until such time as Eunice's health was completely restored. Their common sense was equal to the occasion, and they showed it by accepting my offer. A month's perfect rest in town, another at the seaside, soon mended the health of these broken ones, more than ever dear to me. My old home in Norfolk forms a peaceful haven of rest for Mrs. Frith. At present Eunice is with her. If I am lucky, there will be a bridal ceremony in the village church before I return to town.—New York News.

A Boarding Syndicate.

In the enterprising town of Holly, Orleans County, a new movement has been started, with the object of solving the servant girl problem. Thirteen families comprising twenty-nine persons of the best social and business standing, have formed a co-operative boarding association, all members to bear an equal share of the expenses. Gradually the various objections were overcome, and the members are not only well satisfied with the progress made, but think that in a short time a noticeable decrease in their living expenses will be evident. Upon joining the association members contributed \$5 to create a fund with which to equip the kitchen. With this money two large ranges and dishes of every description have been purchased; also other articles necessary to the culinary department. In the dining room each family furnishes the table linen, dishes and other articles for its own use. In several cases where two families are small, both have occupied the same table. All expenses for provisions and the services of the cooks and waitresses are then borne pro rata by the members. There will be considerable curiosity to know whether the experiment can be made a permanent success.—Buffalo Commercial.

Electrical Fishes.

The electrical fishes do not belong to any one class or group—some are found in fresh water, while others inhabit the sea. They possess two distinct types of electrical organs. One closely relates in structure to muscle, as found in the torpedo, gymnotus and skate, while the other presents more of the characters of the structure of a secretory gland, as illustrated by the electrical organ of the thunder fish. Both types are built upon a vast number of microscopic elements, each of which is supplied with a nerve fibre. These nerve fibres come from large nerves that originate in the nerve centres, brain or spinal cord, and in these centres are found special large nerve cells, with which the nerve fibres of the electric organs are connected and from which they spring. Yet the electricity is generated in the electric organ itself. In these animals there are specialized organs for the production of electricity on an economical basis far surpassing anything yet contrived by man.—American Inventor.

The Delights of Endress.

I cling to that perhaps fanciful theory that no primitive instinct of man is altogether lost. It is modified, amplified, refined; that is all. With all our culture, we are barbarians still. Man is a clothed savage. And now and again he delights in donning the clothing and returning heartily to savagery. How delightful the feel of the briny breeze and the boisterous wave on the bare pet! Mr. Edward Carpenter rails at the (I think) eleven layers of clothing that intervene between our skins and the airs of heaven. Walt Whitman revels in his nude sun-bath. What a treat, too, sometimes, to get away from the multi-course dinner and to bite downright audibly into simple food in the fresh air, and to lap water noisily from the brook!—Atlantic.

THE NEWEST AMERICAN DUCHESS

This fine and interesting photograph of Miss May Goelet, the new Duchess of Roxburghe, shows the greatest heiress in the world wearing most of her jewels and those of her mother.

Miss Goelet is here in fancy dress as Cleopatra, in which character she attended Mrs. Adair's famous ball in London last spring. It was the most splendid fancy dress ball ever given, and especially so in the matter of jewels. The Countess of Warwick was there as Queen Semiramis, Lady Randolph Churchill as a Byzantine Empress, and the Princess Hatzfeldt as Queen Esther with stockinged feet and jewels on her toes.

But among all these society leaders none wore such valuable jewels as Miss Goelet. Her dress was a mass of pearls, diamonds and rubies blazing with colored light. Ropes of pearls hung down on each side of her face. Her neck was encircled with many necklaces, and her arms were laden with bracelets. The Oriental headress was admirably suited to her dark type of beauty. The value of her jewels was not less than \$300,000, but that is a trifle, for she is the possessor of \$30,000,000 worth of New York real estate.

Miss Goelet has been brought up in the British aristocracy. Her aunt, Lady Herbert, is married to the brother of the Earl of Pembroke, head of one of the most ancient families in England. Her marriage to the Duke of Roxburghe, the only eligible Duke in the United Kingdom, will place her

CORN GROWERS' TROPHY.

Handsone Prize Offered For the Best Results in Increasing Crop.

"Let every farmer in the seven great corn States give a few winter evenings and 480,000 bushels will be added to the annual crop of the corn belt." In



CORN GROWERS' TROPHY.

these words Professor P. G. Holden, of the Ames Agricultural College, of Iowa, summarizes the campaign launched by himself and the Iowa Corn Growers' Association.

It is not increased acreage that Professor Holden wants; it is better re-



DAUGHTER OF THE LATE JOHN GOELET, WHO HAS BEEN CHOSEN BY THE DUKE OF ROXBURGHE FOR HIS DUCHESS.

at the very top of British society, and her vast fortune will make her a brilliant hostess at Floors Castle, a great place, which has been neglected as much as Blenheim was.

HOT OR COLD.

Device Which Answers For Two Purposes.

The blow hot, blow cold paradox of the "First Reader" finds its parallel in the ventilated food cover illustrated herewith. This is designed to keep butter, cream, milk, meat, jellies, etc., in cool and perfect condition throughout the warmest weather, or, on the contrary, is equally valuable for keep-



KEEPS FOOD HOT OR COLD.

ing foods warm until served. In the first case the cover is filled with ice water, and in the second it is filled with hot water. Where a refrigerator is available, and even in refrigerators, the food cover can be used to assist in keeping jellies and pastry cold and firm. Where meals have to be kept waiting for irregular diners, as in a boarding-house, etc., the heat-retaining features of the cover are also valuable.

"Furthest North."

The most northerly railroad in the world was opened recently. For its whole length it lies within the Arctic regions. The greater part of it is in Swedish territory, and only a small part cuts through the narrowest portion of Norway until it reaches the Norwegian port of Narvik. The chief object of the line, which now connects the northern Baltic with the Atlantic, is to open up the rich mineral resources of North Sweden and to carry them cheaply to Narvik. The new railway, which will be known as the Ooten line, is about 140 miles long, and cost about \$7,500,000.—Golden Penny.

Advice to Street Railways.

Deal fairly with the public. Give every man the worth of his money in service and in politeness, and the public will support the corporation in its efforts to please. But attempt to defy the public, show a mean and niggard spirit, and the public will meet the corporation half way in aggressiveness.—Baltimore Herald.

It is estimated that a half a million New Yorkers are awake and busy, legitimately or otherwise, all night.

One-third of the college graduates now are women.

\$1,000,000 A DAY FOR BLUNDERS.

Some Estimates as to the Cost of Employers' Inaccuracy—How One Careless Man's Error May Hold Up the Business of a Big Concern—Accuracy is in Demand and is Paid For.

NE of the great retail houses in Chicago has 7000 employees. According to the observations of Earl M. Pratt, of Oak Park, the natural inaccuracies of such an army of employees in one business day will bring upon at least 500 employees a personal censure from superiors, which will arouse in these 500 clerks a disposition to vent their anger or chagrin upon 5000 customers of the house. The question is: Under such a condition, what would be the value of absolute accuracy in every employee in such an establishment?

"Inaccuracy costs Chicago \$1,000,000 a day," says Mr. Pratt, in his sweeping arraignment of the methods of the city's business world. This, too, is an estimated loss based upon the visible and material showing; the losses suggested in the first proposition may be so remote as to make an estimate impossible.

Because of this first proposition Mr. Pratt places the employe of the lowest grade, the department head, the general manager, the employer and finally the customer, all upon the same plane of interest in his efforts to establish a bureau having for its purpose the dissemination of accuracy training for those who may be brought to see the need of it.

As indicating the necessity of accuracy in the least important places in the world of business, Mr. Pratt shows how the least of employes in the office of the great captains of industry may, through the inaccuracy congenial to him, irritate the head of the institution to an extent reflecting all the way down through the day's business of a great company or corporation, perhaps finally to react upon the patronage of the concern in a hundred ways, costing the establishment thousands of dollars before the effect of the one blunder of the small office boy has been dissipated and forgotten.

"Time and again I have seen the effect of a 'kick' made by the head of a great establishment," said Mr. Pratt. "Somebody's blunder comes to the attention of the chief. Discipline causes him to charge it to the general manager, and when the manager has taken his kick he probably passes it on to a half dozen heads of departments. From these the kicks are passed on down the line until perhaps that one blunder, which really amounted to little in the beginning, has put half the people of a great house upon the ragged edge of ruffled tempers. Can you estimate what such a disturbing thing has cost the house?"

"Human nature is human nature. There may be individuals who will not be angry at being 'called down,' but if they are not angry they are at least disturbed and hurt, making them all the less competent to carry on their tasks. A man who is hurt at a bit of censure is at least open to mistakes and inaccuracies, which will go on provoking more of this same feeling until finally it will be found that where a business at last has to go to the wall, the cause of its failure may be traced to the inaccuracies in its management and conduct."

To inculcate the principles of accuracy into those open to it is the task which Mr. Pratt has set for himself, and which the business men of Chicago have accepted in no small degree through his thought methods and his lectures. In bringing the seriousness of inaccuracies to the attention of business men in the city, Mr. Pratt has brought out some striking facts and figures. For instance, the opening of trade with Manila, and the Orient in general, has shown in one case that a slight mistake in the billing of a package of merchandise to the Philippines cost the house shipping the package 100 days' effort in righting the error. Another package shipped by another house to Canton, and which was to have arrived there before last Christmas, has just reached its destination, all through a fault in billing it. A piece of freight sent from Springfield to Chicago last June is now somewhere in Indiana, with the house still trying to trace it.

As to accuracy within the meaning of Mr. Pratt, it has many forms. In a recent case he connects the inaccuracy of the banker with that of the laborer when the banker left a value containing \$5000 in the seat of an elevated train on the South Side, while the laborer simply left his dinner pail in the surface car in which Mr. Pratt was a passenger.

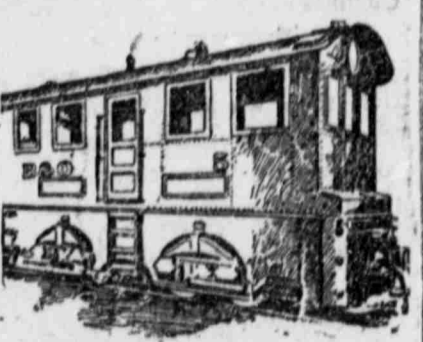
"I know a woman who will not go into a certain store in Chicago to buy goods," said Mr. Pratt. "The reason is of the slightest, too. She had been shopping there just before St. Valentine's Day, and as she went home that afternoon she remarked that everybody with either wonderment or open smiles. When she got home she found that in passing under a display of valentines her hat had caught one of them and carried it away as a mark for her discomfiture. Somebody had been inaccuracy in placing the gaudy thing, and it lost that house a good customer for all time."

Of all forms of inaccuracy, Mr. Pratt is inclined to believe that inaccuracy in the time of keeping appointments is the worst. To make an appointment and not keep it may disarrange a whole day for a score of innocent persons who are most remotely connected with the agreement. He recalls a physician who was his preceptor in the matter of keeping appointments, and this old gentleman kept every obligation of the kind as sacredly as if it were a consultation on which the life of a patient might depend.

Schooling in the duty of meeting appointments he regards as of the first importance. To bring the necessity home to the idler, however, is one of his problems. This careless type is hardest to reach in all the possibilities of schooling in accuracy. Most of these persons he holds to be under the

NEW ELECTRIC ENGINE.

The most powerful locomotive in the world has just been built by the General Electric Company, at Schenectady for the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad for use in its tunnel underneath the city of Baltimore. This locomotive marks a very distinctive advance in electric locomotive design. It will handle all the freight traffic of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad which passes through Baltimore and will operate over the same section as the present electric locomotive design. It will handle the passenger traffic of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad which passes through Baltimore and will operate over the same section as the present electric locomotive design. The complete outfit consists of another section like the one shown, but the two parts are designed to be worked coupled together to a great extent, and the builders regard the double equipment as a single engine. The complete engine is equipped with eight motors, having a capacity of 225 horse power each, making a total capacity of 1800 horse power. It will be capable of pulling the heaviest trains which can be sent over the road.



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influence of inherited limitations, and under the influence of training they are found burdensome beyond measure until they have been lifted just over the peak of their impediments; then under the force of gravitation he has seen some of these examples of training take place beyond those whose natural qualifications had placed them in the lead.

"There is a disposition growing at the present for the employe to give in limited measure to his employer," said Mr. Pratt. "I have found a spirit in the employe which revolted at a studied accuracy on the ground that the employer was already getting more than the salary paid was justifying. In such cases, however, the student of accuracy needs only to be told of the value of the lesson in general, and to be reminded that with this accuracy a part of his recognized working capital it is his own property, to be taken with him wherever he goes, whether as an employe or as an employer, and that even in his present position it may be made the basis of promotion."

"Certainly the time coming when accuracy is to demand the premium that belongs to it in any capacity. One of the great houses in Chicago has told me that it has to station pickets here and there through its great establishment in order to neutralize the evils of inaccuracy. When you come to consider that each one of these pickets represents perhaps 200 years of ancestral cultivation and breeding, you may realize how important is a work that may develop the principles of accuracy and responsibility in a generation."—Chicago Tribune.

HAVE PET KNIVES.

Cooks and Caterers Become Foolish About Their Use.

"Did you know that cooks and caterers become awfully foolish about the knives they use?" asked the head man in a downtown restaurant. "Well, they do, just the same, and they come to the conclusion that there is but one knife that can do the work they are in the habit of doing, and that is the particular knife they have been in the habit of using. Cooks seem to have an affection for the things they use, anyhow. They are more particular about the knife that they are accustomed to use than they are about any other article in their outfit. Let anything happen to the knife and you will find them out of sorts. I have known many cooks, who worked for many years at once place, to take their favorite knife with them when they quit the establishments they had worked in for a long time. I suppose there is a good reason why cooks should become attached to their knives. Barbers become utterly foolish about certain razors. You have no doubt observed this fact in connection with the tonsors. Musicians, too, become very much in love with the musical instruments, the violin, the cornet or whatever instrument they happen to use most. I have known a few men who become almost as foolish about their walking canes as about members of their family. It seems to be a natural sort of thing. There is no reason why the cook should not become strongly attached to the knife that has been of good service to him, and whose slant and curve he has become thoroughly familiar with. But whatever the reason may be, cooks become utterly foolish about the knives they use and they would be as willing to part with a dear friend or a member of their own family as to give up the knife they have been in the habit of using for so long."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The London Fire Ladder.

London's new fire chief, Captain Hamilton, will not be out of his natural element among firemen, for the fireman is usually a man who has followed the sea. He has served in the navy or in the merchant service, sometimes for a dozen years, sometimes for only a year or two. There are several reasons for his preference for seamen. First, there is the obvious advantage with which a sailor starts in being accustomed to keep his head and hands with nothing but a rope between his feet and death; but the chief is his training in being always on duty. The fireman must be always available, and his hours of duty—as one of them facetiously expressed it—are 168 a week. The seaman who professes himself for a fireman undergoes three months' training. He receives \$5 a week, and hands back twenty-five cents for his lodging on the premises. He and his fellows look after themselves, paying \$1.75 a week each for weekly board, electing their own caterer from among the number, and telling off a couple of men each day to act as cooks. The quarters are clean and shipshape, looking over the big square. And each recruit has this prospect before him. After three months he will be a fourth class fireman, and rise to \$5.50 a week. After three years will bring him an extra dollar, then his mental education begins to tell over; his capacity for gymnastics, and examinations lead him by gradual advancements up to a post as station officer at \$13 a week.

The Mice and the Maze.

A friend reports an interesting experiment he witnessed at Harvard. A number of hungry white mice were put into one end of a long wire cage, full of intricate and purposely puzzling passages, and some tempting food was placed in the other end. The mice sniffed the food and desired it. But in the first attempt to obtain it, they ran helter-skelter to and fro, in the utmost confusion. Several minutes elapsed before they succeeded in finding their way through the mystifying labyrinth to the desired goal. In the second trial, immediately given, they made the journey in much quicker time, the third time quicker still, and finally without a doubt or hesitation they dashed through the mazes of the cage in comparatively no time at all.

Professor Royce calls this ability of animals to use their own past experience, "docility," and says it is "the most persuasive of all the signs of mind."—Boston Transcript.

Birds Fly High.

Eagles have been noticed flying at a height of 6000 feet, and storks and buzzards at 2000 feet. A hawk will rise to the same height, and so will crows. As a rule, however, birds do not fly at a greater height than 1000 feet.